

Like the Rain

by TheOtherWillow

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Like the Rain

TITLE: Like the Rain AUTHOR: Denise Morgen EMAIL: meadora@hotmail.com  
CATEGORY: Songfic, V RATING: PG SUMMARY: How can you not like the rain? SPOILERS: Pilot ARCHIVE: Knock yourself out. Just keep my name & info attached and drop me a line so I can come visit! FEEDBACK: The quick and easy way to having a shrine erected in your honor! DISCLAIMER: The characters of Mulder and Scully belong to Fox, 1013 Productions and Chris Carter. The song 'Like the Rain' is performed by Clint Black and is owned by Mr. Black himself and one Mr. Hayden Nicholas. I don't have permission to use either the song or the characters and I hope no one decides to sue me for my blatant plagerization. Does it help that I'm not making a dime off of this? AUTHOR'S NOTE: This song was just so M&S I knew I had to get it out there. All I did was add the proper perspective..."

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Like the Rain by Denise Morgen (an unknowing collaboration between myself, Clint Black and Hayden Nicholas)

"I love the rain..."

Funny how that soft phrase has been echoing in my mind since you whispered it to the darkened glass of the window. It's been at least a hour since you broke our self-imposed silence to mutter that quiet declaration. Between the flashing posts of the passing telephone poles in our headlights and the wail of the storm that inspired it, I've pondered that sentence. Turned it over in my head and spoken it under my breath amid sideways glances at your now-sleeping form in an attempt to absorb it's meaning.

You see, I never liked the rain until I walked through it with you. Every thunder cloud that came was one more I might not get through. On the darkest day there's always light, and now I see it too. But I

never liked the rain until I walked through it with you.

I can still see that night shining in my memory. Our first case together; standing there so defiantly, unsure and desperate to prove yourself as you twisted my latest insane theory around in an attempt to find it's plausibility among the scattered facts in your head. And I laugh to remember myself towering above you and gawking like a moron, desperately trying to hide the shock and unmistakable pleasure at the fact that you were actually considering what I'd said. No one had ever taken me seriously enough to actually listen to me before. The way you threw back your head and laughed at yourself when the puzzle pieces started to fall into a jagged sort of place endeared you to me more than a million spoken reassurances ever could. I couldn't help answering your humor with my own and unmindful of the water that pelted us from above and the rain that fell like teardrops down our cheeks, we grinned at each other like idiots over an empty grave. I can still hear it falling from that night and filling up my mind. All the heaven's rivers come to light and I see it all unwind. I hear it talking through the trees and on the window pane. And when I hear it just can't believe I never liked the rain.

I have a revelation that's as loud as when the cloud is rolling over and it's like thunder's striking me. It's as bright as lightning and I wonder why I couldn't see that it's always good when we're together and when the flood is gone we still remain. Guess I've known all along I just belong here with you falling like the rain. Humph, I'd never thought of myself as slow on the uptake before, but if the shoe fits...

As wonderful as my epiphany is, it doesn't mean that everything's going to suddenly fall into place for us though. But we'll work it out together. And when the night falls on our better days and we're looking to the sky for the winds to take us high above the plains. I know that we'll find better ways to look into the eye of the storms that will be calling, forever we'll be falling like the rain.

The truth is that I have fallen for you and now I know just why you like the rain. Always calling for you, I'm falling for you now just like the rain...

"Yeah Scully," I whisper into the silence, "I love the rain, too."

I can see the reflection of your smile even through the river-stained glass of the window.

Fini.

End  
file.